Signs of the Zodiac---No. 6.

By M. De Zayas.

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#### IDEALS ENDANGERED.



OV. HUGHES at the Troy home week celebration enunciated a doctrine which it is mild criticism to term heretical. Speaking of the opportunity America offers to the young, he said:

Some say it is American to be slick. Some think that the great object of the American youth is to be smart and outwit somehody. Some think that the object of business is to be clever in deception. What mistakes these are! There is no one that gets any place worth holding and maintains the confidence of the people who does not demonstrate that he can be trusted. Employers want boys and men that they can trust; people want men whom they

Are not our old ideals in danger when such views can be presented to aspiring youth by the Governor of the greatest and richest of American States-the State of Ryan and Rockefeller and Harriman, the home of life insurance finance, of traction rascality, of Wall street?

"Smartness" not American? It is one of the fundamentals of national greatness. It is the keystone of the arch. Remove it and the country that has beaten all creation in the race for wealth and industrial power will sink to mediocrity and revert to a place among secondary

If trustworthiness becomes our ideal, what incentive will there be to the young to emulate the careers of our great captains of finance? What stimulus will there be to youthful ambition to form holding companies and create capital out of water, wind and the other elements? We shall become a nation of mute, inglorious Harrimans. Youth will be circumscribed in its opportunities by the denial to the rising generation of the openings for budding ambition on which one part of our national fame most conspicuously rests.

Trustworthiness is a desirable but an elementary virtue. It is given to the lowliest to possess it. The faithful house servant is trustworthy. The clerk who stays at the same desk for half a century and receives a complimentary dinner as a reward has proved himself trustworthy. But shall there be no higher rewards for "chairmen of the board" who show themselves to be "slicker" than the other stockholders? Shall there be no yachts and princely estates for those who are smart enough to amass fortunes by the use of company funds to their own profit, or who outwit their competitors by means of railroad and legislative favors? If trustworthiness is to be the test by which success is tried, from what source will corporation lawyers derive \$100,000 fees? Where will builders secure contracts for reproductions of French chateaux and Flor-

ditions the higher courts would lose half the cases from their dockets. No judge could occupy the centre of the limelight of publicity by imposing a \$29,000,000 fine for rebating. Trust laws would become a dead letter. Presidents would find their subjects for special messages largely curtailed. Party issues would be reduced in number. The muckraker's occupation would be gone.

entine palaces in American cities? Under such con-

If we were suddenly to become trustworthy, individually and as a nation, what work would there be for the receivers of looted railroads? What necessity for policy-holders' protective associations and stockholders' committees? How could the promoters of wildcat enterprises earn a living? Who could make millions cornering wheat or cotton? If stocks and bonds carried a guarantee of trustworthiness the grass would

grow in Wall street and characteristic American activities would It is essential that the plain people who make up the bulk of

a nation's population should exemplify trustworthiness. Their fidelity and honesty give the whole social structure stability. But to exact this homely virtue of all is to hamper and restrict the very talents which have made the fame of "American finance" and of American millionaires world wide. No one could then "occupy a higher sphere" than his fellow men. If "smartness" is to be put under the ban the race of Ryan and Rockefeller will become extinct and a heavy penalty will be imposed on national prestige.

## Letters from the People.

To the Editor of The Evening World. Kindly let me know where I can get No. 2-In reference to the centre seats

All the Law. year in prison, or both, may be the To the Editor of The Evening World. Could you enlighten me regarding get-ting my citizen papers. I declared my intention to become a citizen on June accomplished facts, and then the public 6, 1905, and would like to know if I can will be able to travel in comfort. Yours god out my papers so that I may be truly, AN OBSERVER. able to vote at the coming Presidential Apply at Cooper Union. slection, or if I shall have to wait until

June, 1910?

W. MOIR.

Where can I learn stenography and Woodside, L. I.

Firm of Michael Dady, Brooklyn. Must be between 17 and 22. No To the Editor of The Evening World:

Who is the contractor that is doing the improvements in the streets of the Editor of The Evening World.

Can a boy enter West Point at the the improvements in the streets. Havana, Cuba, and where can he he found? F. B. BIDDLE.

For Bronx Travellers in the Sub
age of fifteen? If not, at what age can he do so? Has the Government a preparatory school, and where? Where

As a daily traveller in the subway, between Simpson street and Atlantic, Flatbush, L. I. avenue, I would like to throw out a Where Charles Wendt Is. couple of suggestions for the comfort of To the Editor of The Evening World: passengers, as I feel sure that the I. R. Kindly insert in the evening edition T. Company, always anxious to pander Fireman Charles Wendt, of Truck

No. 1-As about 90 per cent, of the Long Island. eleep, why not provide every train with Brooklyn Navy Yard. four or five sleeping cars, so that the To the Editor of The Evening World. weary ones could struck themselves | Could you tell me if one needs a out full length and thateby enjoy an to visit the navy yard in Brooklyn, and, evidently much needed rest. A retiring if so, where can I get one?

E. S. Civil Service Commission, room to allow the "weary one" to don Custom-House, New York City. his pajamas, to add to the comfort of the sleep, would also be appreciated. Information pertaining to the civil service examinations held by the United States Government.

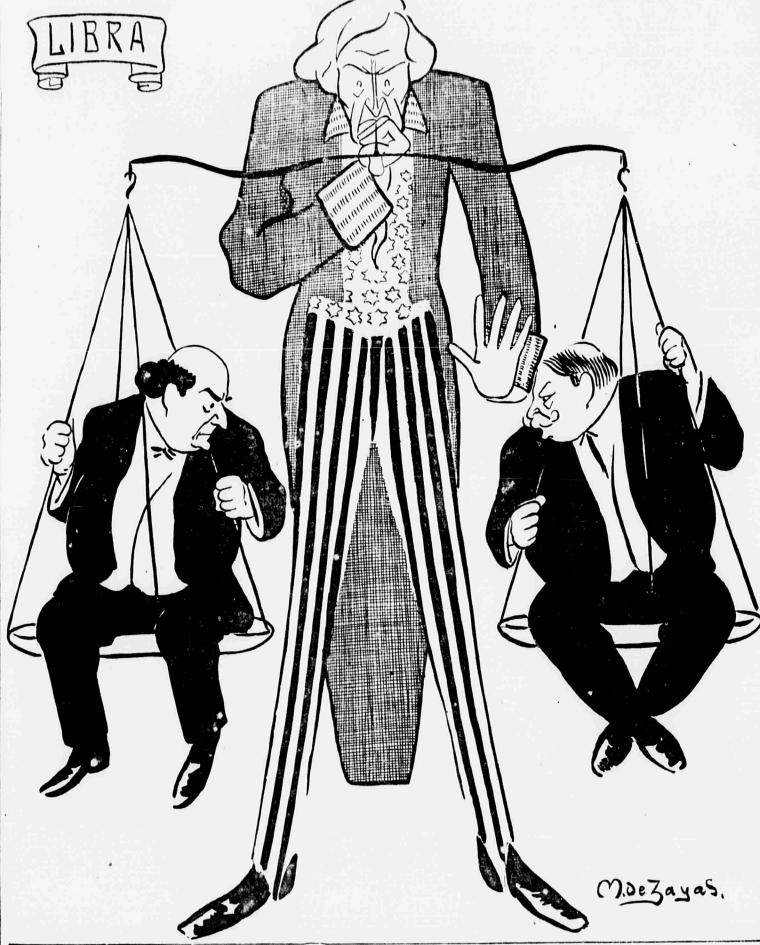
F. M. Yes, if You Have Complied with boots on, and must on no account dust the seat after such use, as \$500 fine, a

bookkeeping free of charge? Preparatory School.

can I read something about the sub-

R. S. LLOYD, Jr.

to the wishes of its pairons, will readily No. 15, is spending his vication at John Donnelly's cottage, Goose Creek, on travellers seem to suffer from want of Write to the Commandant of the



### Mr. Jarr Hasn't Touched a Drop in a Week but What's the Good? Gus Calls Him a Crank and Mrs. Jarr Says He's Cross as a Bear

By Roy L. Mccardell.

"I know it doesn't contain the demon alcohol, and

that's enough for me." said Mr. Jarr. "It don't, don't it?" said Gus. "My brother Meyer, what plays in the band with a clarinet, he used to work "I don't drink so much as I should because I'm afraid of something getting

by a bottling house what made that soft stuff, and he told wrong with my brights. like the brewers die of-only they drink wine." me that what them ginger ales is flavored with is in wood alcohol, and that is what poisons you dead." "Well, gimme a sarsaparilla." said Mr. Jarr.

"The sarsaparilla is worse; not only is the flavoring

Gue, warningly. "Chemicans, stuff what the doctors make," said Gus, "and anything what then, when the gang goes, put them back in the box. Well, you going?" the doctors makes ain't good for nobody to have."

"I'll take some plain seltzer then," said Mr. Jarr. Gus chuckled. "That is chust as bad," he said. "My brother Meyer tells me and I seen it too, that it is made mit water and marble dust and witriol."

"Anyway, it eats your shoes off if you step in it, and you can give some

your friends and it kills them right away," said Gus. "I guess you'd like to see me get off the water wagon, wouldn't you?" asked

The beer in this country ain't no good, either. It is made mit chemicans, too. They put it out in three weeks on account of them chemicans, and in Germany It is the law against to put it out unless it is six months, and the best beer is so addicted to liquor that when he stops it for a day or so he's as cross as a to be a year in the cellar, which is lager in German, and that's why it is called bear?"

lager beer. In this country the brewers want the rich get quick, but in Germany the brewers is proud not to be ashamed of their beers.

IMME a ginger ale," said Mr. Jarr.

Gus looked at him pityingly.

"I guess you don't know what that is made of,"

all adulterated. I'll take some plain water."

"And get the tyfer fever?" said Gus. "Besides, I don't get no profit giving you water for nothing, and you don't think coming in my store and drinking the you water for nothing. Some plain water." all adulterated. I'll take some plain water. "And get the tyfer fever?" said Gus. "Besides, I don't get no profit giving water full of them tyfer fever germs will pay my rent and my license, what?"

"A fine chance a man has to stay sober in this country," said Mr. Jarr. "I don't want anything to drink, you've taken away my thirst." "They should have laws here for the good beer like in Germany," said Gus.

"You mean Bright's disease." said Mr. Jarr. "Sure," said Gus, "that bad beer full of chemicans made in this country injures your brights, and when your brights is gone what use are you, hey?"

"I never heard it diagnosed just that way," said Mr. Jarr, "but I'll take a from wood alcohol, but it is colored mit chemicans," said cigar, that means nicotine poison and smoker's heart, I suppose?" "They ain't much profit in cigars," said Gus, passing the box grudgingly, "except if there is a crowd in here treating and I take a cigar every round and

"I should say I was," replied Mr. Jarr, "you are about as cheerful as a "I guess you ain't a crank when you are on the water wagon?" said Gus.

"Go on, get out of my store! Next to a man what takes too much that ain't good for him, a man what don't take it now but what used to take it, is the "Well," said Mrs. Jarr when Mr. Jarr came in, "I see you are back at your

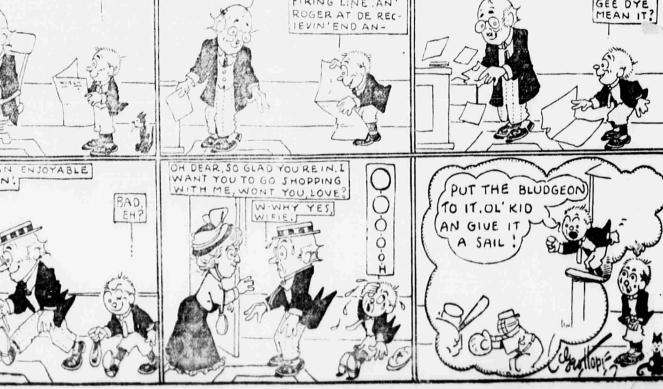
"I haven't touched a drop in a week," said Mr. Jarr. "I suppose you were hanging out of the window and saw me come out of Gus's?" "And not the first time, either," said Mrs. Jarr.

"Aw, gimme a rest?" said Mr. Jarr. peevishly. "What comfort do I get," said Mrs. Jarr in a sudden outburst, "to see a man seed for future growths.

### Reddy the Rooter.







# The Two-Minute Pulpit

Secular Sermonettes for Busy People.

By J. K. Le Baron.

GENIUS AND ITS REWARDS!

Text: "How oft we see the greatest genius buried in obscurity."-Plautus. is one of the tragedles of life that genius has gone so often unrewarded. Appreciation and acknowledgment have frequently come too late to bestow the deserved emoluments.

It is something of a question whether it is any satisfaction to unrewarded geniuses to find themselves "fads" a hundred years after

Columbus discovered a new continent; his reward was a dungeon, Servetus told the truth in an age when to think was a crime; he was burned

Pallssy gave up all the comforts of life for his art and for the good of

mankind; he was rewarded by persecution and died in the Bastile. Hudson was a prince among pioneers; he was cast adrift to starve and

perish in unexplored waters. Schuyler was the highest type of a patriot; he was discredited and removed

Later ages paid tribute to those men, but few harrels ever crowned their brows. Their fame grew brighter with the passing years, but their glory was

largely posthumous. When a true ganius appears in the world you may know him by this sign,"

says Swift, "that the deuces are all in confederacy again!, him." The world has ever been suspicious of the truly great, and gentus has always engendered jealousy.

In this respect, however, the world is improving; it has outgrown the time when persecutions were popular, and when to be a genius was to be a martyr. "There is no great genius free from some tincture of madness," says Seneca. A crank is an unsuccessful genius; a genius is a successful crank. This rating is based upon the narrow margin that separates the two. We should have & care how we discredit the crank of to-day lest we insult the genius of to-

In 1807 Fulton was considered a crank by his contemporaries on Aug. 6; m Aug. 7 he was a genius to whom the world was paying homage.

When Morse announced his discovery he was branded as a fanatic, but it was but a few months before his fanaticism was acknowledged to be genius. It has been so for all time. There is a close kinship between the crank and

the genius. Keely's motor failed to solve the "perpetual" problem and Keely's name is still among the cranks.

The promoters of the Great Eastern were ridiculed; the builders of the Lust-

It is all a matter of failure or success. You cannot make a man a genius by education, though genius like every other germ must be cultivated. Ingersoll says colleges are places "where penbles are polished and diamonds are dimmed."

It is a remarkable fact that most of our geniuses have sprung from humble origin and have struggled hand to hand with poverty. If a man is a diamond he will shine through adversity by the light of his own genius. Poverty and

privation seem to be necessary to the development of great men. Homer begged for bread: Shakespeare was a stranger to affluence; Lincoln forged his own destiny with the aid of the axe and the midnight lamp.

Humboldt was one of the few exceptions that proves the rule. It has been said of him that "He became one of the greatest of men in spite of having been born rich and noble." History bears out the statement. The lap of luxury has cradled few of the world's truly great.

### Reflections of a Eachelor Girl By Helen Rowland

O a woman, the first kies is just the start in the lovechase; to a man it is often the finish. So sensitive is the soul of man that one burnt bie-

uit and a cup of weak coffee for breakfast will make him feel exactly like an early Christian martyr. "Why is a woman?" may be the eternal question, but

WHERE is a man?" is the great domestic problem. A perfectly honorable man is one who never cheats nor

When a woman wishes to break off a love affair she does it with fine art and a palette knife, but a man is always in such a hurry that he just picks up a quarrel and

A man's idea of getting honorably out of an engagement is to do something so unpardonable that the girl will

Future punishment has no terrors for the man who has just moved into a new apartment and finds himself sleeping in his wife's pink silk kimono with & "Yes, and the whiskey is just as bad in this country," said Mr. Jarr; "it's folded portierre for a pillow and a prospect of tea and graham crackers for

a cleaver and chops it off.

Matrimony is the mother of contention.

### Cos Cob Nature Notes.

RESIDENT W. H. TRUESDALE, who is, as we have remarked before. one of the eminent ornaments of our community, has become fat. Celebrated for his verse. Mr. Truesdale's later strivings do not seem to come up to the old standard when he was thinner. For example, his very latest songlet goes this way:

Miss Phoebe's there. Don't you know where? Why, Water Gap on the Delaware Good sport in sight Go by the Road of Anthracite

The intent is good, but the feet are faulty-as if the muse had been walking on the railroad ties.

The wild grapes are turning amber and the butternut leaves are falling from the trees. The nuts tumble later. The butternut leaf is the last to come in springtime and the first to go in fall. The wild grape vines bear more fruit this year than in any within recent memory and the nut crop is heavy. These are rare fruit that glow along the rocks and walls. Thick of skin and fragrant with a wild tang, they bring a rich reward to the grape gatherer. The bees cannot break through the integument nor can the birds carry them away. They drop off the vine at the touch and roll into hiding places. So does nature protect the

The katydids are very loud and insistent this fall. They make as much noise at night as the Horseneck Drum Corps and have silenced the gramophones.

Dolph Ford has been getting rich catching lobsters. Many people believe you have to go to Pemaquid. Me., and other outlandish points to get the crustaceans, By George Hopf. have to go to Pemaquid. Me., and other outlandish points to get the crustaceans, whereas they abound plentifully along our coast. Some of Delph's catches are big ones. He landed a ten-pounder last week. The lobster is caught in a pot, and it is considered low down to "pull" a lobsterman's pots when he is not look. ing. A lobster pot isn't a pot at all, but a box made of lath into which Mr. L. crawls, thinking he can come out again when he gobbles the bait. He can't. Sile Ritch expects to be both a Permanent and Temporary Selectman if present Permanent Selectman, &c., James F. Walsh goes to Congress. Sile is predy

### Agreed With the Lecturer.

URING a lecture at one of the leading colleges on the subject of "Ventila-D URING a lecture at one of the leading colleges on the subject of "Ventila-tion and Architecture" the temperature of the room rose to a very high "And now we will turn to Greece," said the lecturer.

"So we will," said one of the audience, wiping his brow, "unless you open some of the windows."

### THE DAY'S GOOD STORIES.

Leader.

How He Lost. A'S just lost his first spring For he was an announcer of trains argument with ma." "What was it?" "Pa advocated leaving the stove up

"Me has made arrangements for pa obegin taking it down next Monday."

HOW long has this restaurant been open?" asked the would-be diner. to begin taking it down next Monday."

-Detroit Free Press. Too True,

one understands me!" he had come here then."
groaned: "no one on earth." "Yes?" smiled the

"Two years," said the proprietor. "I am sorry I did not know it." said

true. Nobody on earth could under-

at the Union depot. - Cleveland

An Explanation.

the guest. "I should be better off if I groaned: "no one on earth."

"Yee?" smiled the propriete
It is the old story wrung much pleased. "How is that?" "Yes?" smiled the proprietor, very

rom many a tortured, youthful heart. "I should probably have been served The sufferer is generally mistaken, but by this time if I had." said the guest,

the pain is no less poignant. Yet in and the entente cordiale vanishes